can "beat and abuse me" -- and where she had wanted to put her sister herself. She accuses the nurses on her ward of "viciousness." She describes how early on the morning of her first day in the Asylum she was disturbed by a woman "coming continuously in & out of my room." She got up and wandered into the hall, observing the rats "flocking in & out of the room" she had just vacated. She asked a nurse to see the "house Doctor" when "lo! the morning nurse came on & advised me she would put me in the pack." When Miss Marvel talked back and began "fencing her around a chair" the nurse attacked her, pulled her hair, and "doubled her fists & struck my temples." The nurse then began to strip her naked. A patient "beckoned to me -- not to resist."

Later the same patient came to her bed and introduced herself as the in-law of a friend. Miss Marvel wonders in her letter if they might have been put together "to get first-class personal evidence against the nurses for their treatment of patients." Ironically, her friend proves if anything more suspicious than herself. Nonetheless Miss Marvel follows her advice "to refuse all food she told me was poisoned," but she soon finds herself starving. Her ward-mate disturbs her with tales of someone in a contrivance under her bed, tells her which side she should get up on, and warns her that for punishment they could be sent to the cellar, among the rats and "bad men." Miss Marvel clearly doubts some of this, but admits that, hearing all the noise at night, "I sat up all night expecting to be killed every minute." When she is sent to a "dark side room," she remembers her former ward-mate's stories and cannot sleep or even lie down. She feels she would not have survived that night in the side room, without the vision she described above. She writes, "I saw angels outside."

Miss Marvel refused to eat until one evening Dr. McClenahan came and sat with her during her supper. She complains about having to take "salts," but not being allowed to go to the toilet, so having to urinate on the wooden floor -- and being accused of "unclean habits." She describes how, on other occasions, she had to beg over the fan-light for a nurse to let her out. The "salts" were taken from a cup "that goes from mouth to mouth from the most loathsome patients," and the thermometer was equally filthy. The spray in the bathroom was usually "in some way out of order and cannot be gotten warm." Nonetheless, the nurses insisted on putting her in the shower, even when she was having trouble with her period.